

Semi-Weekly Independent.

VOL. II.

PLYMOUTH, MARSHALL COUNTY, INDIANA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1895.

No. 14

A Bargain

IS WHAT EVERY MAN WANTS,
AND HERE THEY ARE.

From now on until January 1, 1896, for each and every cash sale I will give the following bargain: With every suit of clothes, an extra pair of pants of the same material as suit; with every single pair of pants, a good pair of suspenders; and all overcoats will be made at rock-bottom prices. Give me a call.

KLEINSCHMIDT,
THE TAILOR.

A Great Clearance Sale of

Books, Bibles, Albums,
Work Boxes, Toilet Trays,
Glove Boxes,
Handkerchief Boxes,
Collar and Cuff Boxes,

Shaving Sets, Smoking Sets, Perfume Sets,
Dolls, Sleighs and Toys of every description
for 50c. on the dollar, at

The People's Drug Store.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!



Come and purchase your wife a New Home or Domestic cabinet sewing machine. Prices \$29.00 to \$45.00.

See my stock of organs and their elegant finish in upright piano style. Also many designs of parlor cabinets. Prices to suit all, \$25.00 to \$100.00. I have no agents and will make you close Christmas prices.

Don't fail to see my new line of Sheet Music, consisting of latest songs, etc., ranging in price from 10c. to 40c. A few of the latest are: "Fatal Wedding," "Kutchy, Kutchy, Coo," "Remember Me," (answer to "Sweet Marie"), "Yes, I Love You," (answer to "Sweetest Story Ever Told"), "Just say Good-Bye Again," (answer to "Say AuRevoir," etc.), "Cradle Song," by Kate Vannah.

Be sure and see my Christmas bargains in musical instruments. Get some of my violin strings, 2 for 5 cts. Call and see me when in the city.

W. D. LILLYBRIDGE.

North Michigan St.

Jeweler.

I HAVE TOO MANY

Albums, Dolls, Toilet Cases,
Fine Gift and Children's Books,
Children's Dishes and Fine China-ware.

I have, therefore, determined to make a great reduction on all Holiday Goods rather than carry them over. Come and see me.

W. M. KENDALL.

A MODEL MARKET.

Kuhn's New Market is One of the Finest.

AND IS SO PRONOUNCED BY ALL.

Visiting Market Men Praise It—It Occupies Two Floors and is Complete in Every Department—Christmas Display.

It is only within a few days that the final touches which make Fred H. Kuhn's new meat market in the new Kuhn building the most complete in the state of Indiana and one of the most complete and best ordered in the country, have been made. The observer who looks in or goes in is struck at once with the neatness and tasteful arrangement of the market proper, but he who, by invitation or on any pretext, is permitted to go beyond the mammoth ice chest and down to the basement floor is destined to many surprises and cannot help holding in admiration the ambitious effort which has brought into reality in a small city a business institution which, for its approximate price in every detail, is worthy of any metropolitan city in the country.

Mr. Kuhn has been in business in this city about 17 years and at that time has twice seen his place of business destroyed by fire, but each time he has risen to the emergency and re-established himself with better fixtures and facilities than he had before.

The market now is as neat and inviting as the cleanest and best ordered dining room, and meats and meat products are displayed in the most appetizing manner. In the center of the front window ledge is an aquarium. The window recess is lined with galvanized iron and is especially devised for the display of fresh fish. The Christmas display in this window was one of the prettiest and most artistic of any of the displays made in Plymouth this year and was widely commented upon. The oyster case just inside the door contains three glass jars backed by an ice chest which maintains a constant low temperature without diluting the liquor with ice water. Oysters shipped solid are therefore sold to consumers solid and retain the full delicacy of their peculiar flavor. Next to this is a marble top service counter, back of which is a tier of shelves on which is displayed the choicest of pickles, relishes and bottled goods of many kinds, and canned, pickled and preserved meats and meat products; and right here Mr. Kuhn says that anything in this line called for and not in stock will immediately be added in such quantities as are warranted. Opposite this shelving is a "quarter rack" that will probably hold two or three tons of quartered beef.

Beyond these things and at the left is the office. A little farther back are the sectional maple cutting blocks and two marble top meat counters joined at right angles. Back of the counter to the right is another rack, 18 feet long, 4 rails high, 100 hooks, on which is hung a variety of sausages and meats and which is always in use.

Then comes the refrigerator. It is a mammoth ice chest with a capacity for ten tons of ice and a car load of beef, besides room for butter compartments and other commodities requiring cold storage. The butter compartments are jacketed and are entirely separated from all other compartments, thus keeping the butter free from taint of meat and everything that might work upon it with deleterious effect. The refrigerator is Daenicke & Company's patent and will maintain a temperature of 31 degrees above zero during the hottest summer weather. There are 28 feet of marble top counters in the market.

Back of the ice chest is the store room which, being on the main floor and being used for no other purpose, is an invaluable convenience.

One of the most interesting things in the basement is the sausage cutter, which is a new rotary machine and probably the only one of its kind in this section of the state. Its capacity is about 1,200 pounds per hour which can, under necessity, be increased to 1,500 pounds. Its action is smooth and its work perfect. It makes no more noise than the average sewing machine. On this floor is the steam heating and power boiler, a 4-horse-power horizontal steam engine, a steel jacketed steam lard rendering vat and numerous other appliances, and here is done the rendering of lard and cooking. The rendering vat is covered with a funnel shaped ventilator which carries all odors into the boiler flue and every arrangement, including a complete system of drainage, is made for the most

perfect cleanliness. The front part of this room is to be partitioned off and will be used as a packing room.

Nothing has been slighted. When one has seen it all the idea of completeness is perfect. Every suggestion of improvement is already a reality which is in itself the best guaranty of high quality goods and the most excellent service.

THE RECORD BROKEN.

Phenomenal Ante-Christmas Boom in the Market of Matrimonial Permits—Twenty-four Happy Hearts.

It is not very often that the county clerk who handles the business of the marriage license department's records can be caught off his guard. Day by day he sees the closing chapters in the rose-hued romance which has brightened and drawn together the susceptible young lives of Tom, Dick and Harry and their fair ones, until the whole affair loses its novelty entirely, and the clerk's interest in the licenses is purely an official one and goes no farther than the collection of his fees for the important writ. Possibly, too, his inside knowledge of all the numerous divorce cases of the county, coming up term after term, do much to knock the glamour off the orange-blossom business for him.

Last Tuesday, however, the afternoon visitor to the county clerk's office would have found Clerk Withington laboring under an intense and unusual excitement. He was as obvious as a graduating school girl, and he hovered helplessly between the big county seal and the marriage record until his associates wondered.

But the explanation was promptly forthcoming. The record of the matrimonial permit department had been broken, smashed into smithereens and that with no warning or apparent cause for the flurry. People just simply continued to drop quietly in and call calmly for a license until the official gasped.

There were just two dozen of the matrimonially inclined young folk who decided to mark the coming of Christmas with a tinge of the exceptional, so that they could economize in future by observing two anniversaries at once. Their names were:

- Cory Benton North and M. Grace Brownlee.
Edward Stahl and Ida Apple,
King G. Kellogg and Louise Roser.
John V. Thresh and Lizzie Gerard.
Grant Belz and Belle Carl.
James E. Amar and Sarah Mabel Eberly.
William F. Dillman and Elmore Balsley.
Lewis C. Kepler and Ella May Putnam.
Charles B. Dermer and Daisy Gurtlett.
Wm. R. Shirley and Willa W. Johnson.
Walter Maxson and Lena E. Fieser.
Landon Hale and Nellie Colvin.

An Old Resident Dead.

D. B. Armstrong, one of the oldest residents of this community, died about 1 o'clock Christmas night at his home here after a lingering illness which has consumed a full year.

Mr. Armstrong was 58 years old, and has lived in Plymouth since 1855. He leaves two daughters. He was a painter by trade, and worked at that occupation until his illness made it impossible.

The funeral services, conducted by Rev. Charlton under the auspices of the G. A. R. post and the city fire department, will be held from the late home at 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon.

Stand by Your Own Town.

We may honestly differ in matters of politics, religion and medicine, for in these fields it is well understood that each one's way of thinking is the best, but there is no room for difference of opinion in the matter of the plain duty of every citizen to stand by home institutions. Patronize home industries, should be the motto blazoned on every blank wall in the city until it becomes an ingrained habit that needs no urging to enforce. Let everybody with a dollar to spend remember that every dollar spent at home helps to swell the volume of currency in the local channels of trade, and every interest in the city and every dweller in it is benefited by the impetus given to local trade by plenty of money freely circulated. One dollar in the course of a day pays many dollars of debt and every dollar taken from the trade of your own town and sent to swell the currency of another is a direct blow to home interest. The prosperity of each is bound up in the prosperity of all, and no individual can escape his share of responsibility for the result. To criticize the methods of those who are trying to advance home

interest is not as conducive to good as to take off one's own coat and put a shoulder to the wheel and all push together. Stand by home industries, patronize home merchants and manufacturers and be willing that all should receive a fair profit for their labor. Society is a partnership of interests in which all are entitled to receive a share of the profits, and in advancing the common welfare the day laborer and the money lender are alike under obligations to do their share, according to their ability. —Beardstown Star.

A Reminiscence.

The down pour of rain for the past two or three days, says Friday's Elkhart Review, brings to mind the great flood of February 10-13, 1857, when the St. Joseph and Elkhart rivers overflowed their banks as never before known and inflicted considerable damage upon this city. Before that time the high water of 1856, which cut a new channel between the Elkhart and St. Joseph, since used as a tail-race for the hydraulics on the last named river, bore the palm. The flood of 1856 has almost been lost sight of, and is rarely mentioned since that of '57, when the water in rivers was two feet higher than before, and for three days and nights our people lived in fear of the dammed river way, permitting the resistless flood to sweep over the town, carrying death and destruction in its way. At that time we were virtually cut off from the north side except by ferry, seventy-five dwellings and their out-houses were under water, and some of the streets resembled those of Venice passable only to boats. It is doubtful if Elkhart will ever have such another experience, as in addition to heavy and continuous rains, several inches of snow were melted and contributed to the deluge at that time.

The Last Prize Doll.

A number of little girls availed themselves of the opportunity offered by the INDEPENDENT to get each a beautiful 18-inch doll by simply bringing or sending in a single new cash subscription to this paper. The last of these orders came in this morning and though a little late it was mailed before the time limitation and the order for a prize doll was sent little Miss Falconbury today.

This order came from a little tot only five years old and is as follows:

DEAR SIR: I see your ad in the Marmont Herald saying you would give a doll to every little girl sending in a new subscriber for your paper, so please send your Semi-Weekly to Geo. Rutelison, Rutland, Ind., and please send me order for doll.
Yours Resp.,
MARY F. FALCONBURY.
I am 5 years old today.
We wish Miss Falconbury a happy New Year.

The Snow Ordinance.

The effect of the snow ordinance recently passed by the city council is apparent today in all parts of town. Most people have cleaned their walks as they should do. A few who go on the principle "never do today what you can put off till tomorrow" have neglected their duty to their neighbors and the public. Tomorrow morning, if the snow lasts, the cleaning of walks will become a case of necessity and it is to be hoped that all who have yet neglected the matter will comply with the law with a good grace. The snow ordinance, operative, is a municipal blessing.

Danced the Day In.

A party of Plymouth young people attended the Christmas eve dance at Walkerton and report a highly enjoyable time. Those who went included:

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|-----------------------|--------------|
| Misses— | Myra Emmell, |
| Minnie Clark, | |
| Lucy Stewart, | |
| Mrs. Maggie Colflesh, | |
| Measrs.— | Willie Clark |
| Bert Ashton, | |
| Cort Morris, | |

At Home.

Mr. Wm. Klingerman of Laporte, and until recently a resident of this city, was a Plymouth visitor with relatives Thursday. He reports his business as manufacturer of hard wood lumber in a very prosperous and promising condition with advance orders for all the lumber they can saw from now until July 1. THE INDEPENDENT is glad to chronicle Mr. Klingerman's success.

Request to Meet.

The comrades of Miles H. Tibbets Post are requested to meet at Post hall promptly at 1 p. m. Sunday, Dec. 29, for the purpose of attending the funeral in a body of late comrade D. B. Armstrong, whose funeral will occur at his late residence at 2 p. m. of the same date.

BENEATH THE HOLLY

The Passing of Childhood's Merriest Festival.

THOUGH THE SKIES WEPT.

Christmas Eve Came with Its Load of Joy and Pleasant Remembrances—A Rather Quiet Yuletide.

And such a Christmas! It was the kind to make people think longingly of those jolly old days when men wore peaked hats, carried pipes and lanterns, sang drawing carols under latticed windows, got their buckled shoes full of snow, ate roast pig at an oak table in the ruddy glare of the fireplace, poured themselves full of steaming punch, and then fell comfortably asleep in their high-backed chairs with the glow of the crackling laughing cheery delirium to the biting winds that snipped and snarled about the chimney tops.

The plump Christmas holiday is this Christmas. And ever since the advent of the 4th of July and the 1st of August, the darkness of a world without a hope, the season has been one of joy, and feasting, and thanksgiving. With a faint, sweet echo of song and the soft whir of wheels in motion, to the accompaniment of clear-toned peals of childish laughter and the warm breath of universal love, through the years has come the fulfillment of the cherished promise, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Yuletide has been observed as a time of universal gladness, of charity and benevolence; the time when the family whose members the line of business had separated shall once more meet around the festal board; when all the old ties of friendship shall be reunited, all feuds forgotten, and that universal brotherhood of love that was advocated and exemplified by Him shall be strengthened.

At the various churches and in the cheery home-circle Christmas Eve was observed in this city. The former were handsomely and profusely decorated with evergreen, holly, flowers and potted plants in abundance. The Sunday-schools carried out again the time-honored customs of the hour, with varied details. Pretty programs were offered to the happy throngs of merry children and their smiling elders.

At the Methodist church a brilliantly lighted and trimmed tree held forth its gift freighted arms to the impatient little ones. A dainty program of musical and literary numbers pre-faced the distribution of the presents. The choir and the various classes with their teachers participated.

The children of the Presbyterian school presented a really charming little cantata, whose sprightly story was based upon the visit of the jolly old red-faced patron saint of laughing childhood. The faultless rendition of the program spoke volumes of praise for the enthusiastic labors of the little participants and the faithful drilling of Miss Brownlee, Mrs. Aulcutt and Mr. Leonard.

Superb decorations, artistic in every respect, marked and added to the enjoyment of the Episcopalian entertainment. An elegantly appointed tree held its loads of toys and gifts. There were talking carols and the appropriate devotional services of responsive reading. Then the younger ones were made thoroughly and beamingly happy by the distribution of presents, and the brief exercises were at an end.

How to Read.

We feel like saying to the young man or woman who is ambitious for knowledge, or who is making out or has already planned a certain course of reading or study, do not attempt too much, or make your list of studies or books too extended. "Beware of the man of one book" is an old and very wise and practical proverb. It is always better to know everything about something than to try to know something about everything. There is altogether too much knowledge in the world now for any man to attempt to cover a one-thousandth part of it. In this day of a multiplicity of encyclopedias, an apt student can in a short time dig out something about everything, and therefore has no need of making himself a walking encyclopedia. Best to be thorough and proficient in some one branch of knowledge, than to have a smattering of genuine information on a hundred.

Santa Claus

Has induced the Nickel Plate road to sell excursion tickets at low rates to all points on the line between Buffalo and Chicago December 21st, 25th and 31st, 1895 and January 1st, 1896.